### ried Life the Third Year

als Athrill With Exement at the Prostof a Trip Abroad.

### BEL HERBERT URNER.

ARREN was later than usual that evening. With an sir of things accomplished he threw down some papers he had brought from the

fre engaged passage on the for a week from Saturday.

can get ready ?" WARREN!" Helen's joy and est were almost too great

plan of the boat," takpapers from his pocket. t 10 o'clock." est, I thought Mr. Griffen

to go THIS Saturday?" But I wouldn't be rushed suple of days' notice. Have g affairs in shape here." on really think I can go.

sted if you could get ready, griffen is going to pay my and I'm going to pay yours, and to do it all, but I told and a stand for that." I my going make it very Can we afford it?" anx-

pit can we allore it. All pit to be to get ready."
Auren, it will be WONDERlie know I've never been on an And London! Oh, just that if will MEAN!"
was sladying the plan of sewhich he had spread out libr. "Now, here's our stateto Thata on the saloon deck, we me a larger room on the ce hut they're allways promg walling the deck up there are want to sleep. I had a room once, and it seems unisance."
"sipping into his lap, "I can

stread nuisance." sipping into his lap, "I can ELEVE it! Im almost afraid to and find it isn't true." sell have to wake up and ge ready in time. You'll so everything here at the fregat all I can manage to in shape at the office. Let's haven't a steamer trunk,

or bring up mine temorrow led it over. Think that look bited." I have to tell me how

to take. for take a lot of truck, for do. Just some good. you do. Just some good, my for the steamer. And for sale have some close-fitting my to wear on deck—none of have; things to catch the

of about the same as here.
I want a couple of evening for can't dine anywhere anywhere dressed.

The couple of the same as here.

the good places. That's a the good places. That's a to they enforce it, too. Note evening gowns in the withere in a night than you that we going to stop—at Helen's voice was athrill twent.

twent.

It and a good one. Have a good front if I expect to a deal like this." Then, being at his watch. "How that? I've got to go back for tonight." irren, you DO—and you're Must you go tonight?"

Must you go tonight?"
Me every night this week,
to get things in shape."
The dout to the kitchen to
put the dinner on the ta-

Metre, inconscious of what table Heien was too ex-stantially at all. Usually to him when she merely that food, but tonight he to preoccupied to notice

twork much later than bearied off. "You'd bet-ming a list of the things that to or take. That's that to or take. That's any you can get through a it is a short time." I salve to "make a list" seary, for Helen's list-halt was deep-rooted. She was giving a dinner or point of giving a dinner or point without first making the things mendal

fall of giving a dinner or roing without first making he things needed.

French without first making the things he was much too is list-making. The idea of a was far too new and state for her to really settle and the for her to really settle and the fall try. She headed is faper with "Things to be another of her wiews of the wonders of London. It was make the had seen used in a magazine when the had gone is office. "Just wanted to be coffice. "Just wanted to be come up to dinsaday. Mrs. Stevens's man betroit, will be here."

In sure we should have loved at we're going to Europe! "We sall ham surpressed his surprise and said he would call he morning. Islan hung up the receiver some still rang in her ears. Being to Europe. We sail ham Saturday!" She had it pople say that, and it is impressed her and filled mingled wonder and envy. The was going—she was sail and the co. could say casually we're abroad." or "When a be too, could say casually we're abroad." or "When a be co., could say casually we're abroad." or "When a be co., could say casually we're abroad." or "When a be co., could say casually we're abroad." or "When a be co., could say casually we're abroad." or "When a be co., could say casually we're abroad." or "When a be co., could say casually we're abroad." o

In fired—too derned thred used over," as she hovered in anxious solicitude. "I set to bed." but only a few minutes to bath and "turn in," as he is. But Helen, who at always much straightenfung up to do, was much

finally sine was ready she softly so as not to awaken she too excited to sleep, y until far into the night of and planning for the warren awoke with an

window open? It's infer-in here."

ta dear, they're all open."
stimed heavily on his side, aments later Helen, feeling an all awake, whispered.

if we should have an acci-tis ship should run into an Oh, they couldn't make me I wouldn't let them put is a lieboat if you couldn't want to stay right with the part happened! You'd let shit you? this you?"

In sleepy irritation. "How spect me to sleep—if you're talk half the night?"

### Puzzle-Find the Girl Who's in Love



She Is Easy Enough to Find if You Look Long Enough.

### Light in Dark Places

### By EILLEEN ELIZABETH.

Some time ago—a long time ago, in fact—when the work to which I was devoting myself left me more leisure for exploring the highways and byways of life than it does now, I met a small, ragged urchin selling papers. Not an uncommon event, you will say

byways of life than it does now. I met a small, ragged urchin selling papers. Not an uncommon event, you will say.

Well, he tried to cheat me by selling me a day-old copy.

Likewise not uncommon, you repeat. But wait a little.

I spoke to that small boy severely, and tried to make him see the error of his way, but he seemed hardened in induity, and merely grinned broadly and showed a disposition to dodge and run as a gigantic policeman came in sight around the corner. "Listen to me, sonny," said L "You needn't think I mean to give you in charge. I just want to know why you did it."

It came out at last. He was not a newshoy, but had managed to steal a few old papers in the hope of getting a penny or two to take home to his sister, who was starving.

"It's like dis, lady," said he—all in a breath once he started.

"My sister's husband, Jim, he's got pinched cos he was out o work and not a crust of bread in the house, and my sister Nell sick abed and not able to get to work at the factory, and the baby a-cryin', and the lot of us on the next floor without nothing to eat 'cept an old loaf for our breakfuses, much less to give away, so I skipped school, I did, to try and earn summat to huy a drop o' milk for Nell's baby."

"Where do you live?" I inquired, reading the truth of his story in the little ragamuffin's honest blue eyes. He named some unknown street in Clerkenwell, and, calling a taxicab, I bade him get in with me and take me to see his sister.

The urchin was very subdued as we whizzed from the well-lighted streets toward those (to me) unfamiliar regions. I do not know if he suspected me of dark and evil designs, or whether it was the glory and novelty of riding in a taxicab that overpowered him, but I could not succeed in making him talk any more, and it was with little added knowledge of his family history that I alighted in a dark, ill-smelling street before a high, narrow, dilapidated-looking house, and he pointed out to me the broken window of a room on the fifth floor, where he said, "Sister Nell w

house, and he pointed out to me the broken window of a room on the fifth floor, where, he said, "Sister Nell was abed with her baby."

Up, up, up we went—it seemed to me that the dirty, rickety staircase would never end. Faces looked out at me as we passed—faces seared with evil or meager with want and misery.

A drunken man was lurching sgainst one shut door as we passed, beating against it with his fists and swearing horribly. I drew a breath of relief when he let us slip past unnoticed and "Bill" volunteered the information that it was, "Ned Myers, a regular brute he was, as beat his wife of a night regiar, only she'd took to boiting the door against him and barricading it with all the furniture. She was a fool, for he'd get in and break her neck one o' these days, which would be worser than putting up with a beating."

Then he went on to inform me with pride that "Jim" was good to his wife and never beat her, and always took her home money or food when he'd got any, even if he was a "crook" and had "pinched" it, and it was a cruel shame he should be "put away" and leave Nell starving, while brutes like Ned Myers were left free to do just as they pleased.

This discourse on the mysteries of human justice as it appears to a slum child brought us to the unlighted fifth story. He pushed a creaking door open, and I found myself in a small, almost unfurnished room, its darkness relieved only by the feeble, reflected glimmer of some invisible lamp through the tiny window.

Bill hunted out and lighted an end of candle. By the feeble flicker I saw a broken bedstead against the wall with a woman lying on it, covered only with a thin, worn, discolored blanket.

Against her pale cheek nested a little brown baby head, and her thin,

Against her pale cheek nestled a little brown baby head, and her thin.

### The Bedside Manner

By CHESTER E. HUMES, M. D.

Reticence and the choice of words are two important factors in what is known as the "bedside manner," which it is impossible to define, but at the same time forms an important adjunct to the physician's stock-in-trade. A wise man once remarked that he often regretted having spoken, but never that he had remained stient. There are probably many physicians and surgeons who could say the same, for a thoughtless word or look may easily shake the confidence of a patient and produce even more serious results. As an instance of the result of a careless word it may be menresults. As an instance of the result of a careless word it may be mentioned that Delane, the famous editor of the London Times, is said to have guessed and published the appointment of the second Lord Lytton as viceroy of India (which the government wished to keep secret) from the chance remark of a well-known physician who was sitting next to him at dinner, and who said that Lord Lytton had consulted him that morning as to the fitness of his constitution to withstand the climate of India.

Indecision is fatal; whether in man-

tion to withstand the climate of India.

Indecision is fatal; whether in manner or speech there is nothing that more upsets a patient or causes those around him to lose confidence in their medical adviser, as it suggests that he does not know what is the matter. While overconfidence is wrong both morally and scientifically, it should be remembered that in medicine, as in other things, he who hesitates is lost.

Another important point is that the doctor should make his patient believe that he is thoroughly in earnest and takes the greatest interest in his case, even though he has to assume an interest where he has it not. It must not be thought that this is

bloodless hand clasped the wee baby hands to her breast with passionate protective love. Her wan lips moved

hands to her breast with passionate, protective love. Her wan lips moved half in sleep, murmuring broken words of endearment. She raised her head feebly as I moved toward the bed, smiled at her brother.

"I ain't had no luck, Nell," said he, manfully, "cept to find this here lady, as is a good sort, straight as she is, and never had me pinched when she might have. You tell er all about it. Nell, and p'r haps she'll do something for you an' the baby."

Nell struggled to sit up in bed, cuddled the baby in her thin arms, and smiled at me.

"I'm none so hard up, lady," said she "Course, the cold and the hunger's somethin' cruel sometimes, but God's good to me, he is! My man wouldn't have left me like this, 'coshe's good to me, that's truth, and wouldn't never lift a finger 'g'inst me, like some, and we wus that happy till he got pinched, and me her ill abed and couldn't so much as get to the court to see him. But God's good to me, lady, and the littue un here's a fine boy and that good, and don't cry like the brats as one hears, a-keepin' their mother on the walk all night, and me with no bread to cai.

"But God's good 'as brought you

a-keepin' their mother on the walk all night, and me with no bread to cat.
"But God's good 'as brought you here, lady, and if you can give me a bit o' somethin' to eat so's I can get ont o somethin to eat so's I can get my strength up and go to work again in a day or two. I'll be that grate-ful!"

in a day or two, I'll be that grateful!"

Do you see? Not a word of complaint. Wasn't it wonderful?

I sent the boy for some food, and did what I could for the woman—she was a mere girl of 19—then, when her husband came out of prison, work was found for him and I am glad to say he worked well and honestly.

But the point of my story is this: What use would it have been unless she had possessed the pluck and spirit to help herself—the fine courage to go on thanking God for his goodness, when a weaker woman would have been reduced to the lowest depths of despair?

Pew of us, I fancy, have known such depths of poverty—such near possibilities of starvation and utter distress.

Yet how seldem we face our far lesser troubles in the same brave spirit, and, from the darkness that surrounds us, cry out, "God is good!"

## humbug, as it is for the real good of the patient. Sir William Jenner used to say that if the doctor could only persuade the patient that he was thoroughly in earnest it mattered lit-tle what his manner was, for half the

thoroughly in earness it mattered little what his manner was, for half the victory was won.

Cheerlness is not an absolute essential, thought it doubtless plays a part, as no patient can like a doctor to come to him with a look of despair on his face. Sir Richard Quain used to reli how, when quite a young man, he was asked to assist a very well-known physician. Sir Richard assumed an expression which he thought correct, when his senior, turning and catching sight of him, remarked "For heaven's sake, man, don't look like that or they'll think you are the undertaker.

Medical students are now taught many things which twenty-five years ago were never thought of, but they cannot be taught how to deal with patients. This is closely connected with tact, and tact is mainly innate and varies greatly in different people, while it can only be taught imperfectly. Presence of mind is also important, as is shown by the story of a certain doctor, who sometimes

ple, while it can only be taught imperfectly. Presence of mind is also important, as is shown by the story of a certain doctor, who sometimes indulged not wisely but too well in the pleasures of the dinner table. On one such occasion he was called burriedly to the bedside of a certain haughty club woman, the wife of a financier. He proceeded as best he could, and his first act after greeting her was to take his watch from his vest pocket to count her pulse. This, however, was too much for him in his befuddled condition, and proceeding to replace it, he muttered to himself, "Drunk again." To his astonishment, the lady caught hold of his hand, and, with lears, cried out. "Yes, I know, but oh, doctor, don't mention it and it shall never occur again."

"Yes, I know, but oh, doctor, don't mention it and it shall never occur again."

Of latter-day surgeons, Frederick Treves and Morell Mackenzie were two of the most successful. One is still with us, though the other alas, has gone some years. Dr. Treves lind, when in practice, the most delightful manner, as the writer can testify from personal experience. Dr. Mackenzie had the most charming manners, and was most courteous always anxious to show consideration to rich and poor alike, and a good story that he used to tell against himself bears this out.

A certain old gentieman who was very prolix and a terrible bore, used to come every morning about 10 o'clock, just when the doctor was beginning to be busy, and to insist on going through all his symptoms each day. Sir Morell was the politest of men, and would not burt the old fellow's feelings, though he wasted valuable time. He stood it for some time, but at last hit on the plan of immediately painting the natient's throat with some innocuous fluid and telling him that he must not speak for two hours.

This answered admirably for a time, when Sir Morell, going into the hall

for two hours.

This answered admirably for a time, when Sir Morell, going into the hall for some reason or offier, one day met the old man coming out of one of the waiting rooms and was informed that he had waited two hours as he had forgotten to inform Sir Morell of some new symptoms.

### MR. HOMEBUILDER

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### MR. BUSINESSMAN-

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### His Advance Epitaph

Darkness Before Dawn

By MARY CHAMPION.

exist only in the imagination; the

other half is doubled by imagina-

tion. Easy enough to say, more

difficult to believe, and most dif-

ficult to realize, when we are be-

set by troubles. All the same, it

Many of you as you read this

may be in that state of hopeless

depression when it seems as it

nothing on earth can mend your shattered hopes and affairs.

Many-no-rather, I hope, you

are few. But in either case I have the sad knowledge that there are some of you, my dear readers, who are suffering thus. And to you I am specially writing to repeat over and over again. "Never despair—

No healthy human being has ever

No healthy human being has every vet reached an utterly and entirely hopeless state through the work-ings of fate alone. That is to say, through circumstances and other

people.

Always there has been some im

Always there has been some imagining or action upon the part of the sufferer himself or herself.

But that is not really my point.

One of the truest savings in all the world is this, "it's always darkest before dawn."

At the very moment

At the very moment you give up hope, at that second when you abandon yourself to despair, Fate, with Good Fortune at her side, was

probably within reach of you-quite close, though you could not see her around the corner of to

morrow. This is not more chatter, neither is it only a suggestion.

The curious perversity of such things has been proved thousands of times. Who has not heard of the man lost in the wilds who tramped for days and nights in dogged per-

for days and nights in degged per-sistence, and who, when found dead, was within a hundred yards of a human habitation.

Who has not read of the travel-er in the desert dying of thirst, who digs for water and gives in when only a few inches of earth separates him from the precious fluid?

Haven't you ever experienced similar wonders in your everyday life? Don't you, who are now des-perately fighting believe that there

If you do not, you absolutely and

Never, never despair! Despair is

directly refuse to believe that there is any beneficent power watching

Never, never despair! Despair is madness. Fine hopes, ambition, energies, industries, these are the same the clean, and good things. Persistence, too, and the dogged determination that typifies the bulldog and is supposed to characterize British men and women.

With these manking wins in the

With these mankind wins in the

battle of life, and must ever win. For—and apply these words with all your power!—the application of hope, ambition, energy, and determination means prayer, earnest

You may not actually kneel, clasp your hands and close your eyes. But your heart and mind are concentrated upon achieving good and worthy things, and concentra-

tion is prayer.

Now remember, at this moment, if you feel that the future is dead

and sincere prayer,

is the plain and honest truth.

Fully one-half of our troubles

### By ADA PATTERSON.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley is the most fortunate man I know. He has read his epitaph in advance. It is an inestimable privilege which most men would give several years, or a good right arm, or would hobble on one leg through the remainder of their lives to enjoy. If we revisit this earth it is probable that our motive for the return is vanity, a desire to know what people say of us after death.

what people say of us after death, and if ghosts visit graveyards it is doubtless to read the inscriptions on their own tombstones.

Dr. Wiley, who struggled so manfully and long to give his fellow citizens clean, sound food and pure and nourishing drink, and is continuing that struggled in another than the government sphere, knows what people will say of him after death, because they have reached the high water mark of praise. Higher praise no man could have than the sentiment engraved on a chest of silver presented to him by his associates in the department of chemistry.

Please note carefully that they are former associates. Dr. Wiley having realgned, there was no flavor of what a great man termed "kitchen polities" in the gift. It was made without thought of any possible return. And it was a gift made by his associates. That is a highly significant fact. Association is a great leveler. A man must be a hero indeed if he seems a hero to persons who meet him every day, in shirt-sleeve attire and natural moods. Meeting day after day is a severe test of character, a harder test than the long-accepted one of travel.

On a plate on the side of the silver

travel.

On a plate on the side of the silver chest was inscribed: "To Harvey W. Wiley, whose leadership has been an inspiration to all who have the privilege of knowing personally, day by day, the breadth and depth of his well-stored mind, his unshakable integrity, and his splendid poise and never-failing geniality under all conditions."

I don't know who wrote this

never-failing geniality under all conditions."

I don't know who wrote this eulogy signed "From the Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture," but I know that he is equipped to write epitaphs that would satisfy even their postmoriem wandering subjects.

It is true, because these former associates of the apostle of clean nutriment could have no motive except a desire to express the truth of their one-time chief. Policy, slimy word of the coward could have prompted no such expression, because Dr. Wiley had quarreled with the present administration, and the department of agriculture is still its servant. We may accept its truth.

Consider the aliftude of the praise. "We have known personally day by day" is the feature.

Consider the altitude of the praise. We have known personally day by day," is the testimony. Routine never dulled him, multiplying cares never harassed him to such point that he sank from the height on which he belonged, in the eyes of those who surrounded him. Keen eyes, critical eyes, impatient eyes, as are those that see us every day."

Those who touched elbows with him, who breathed the same air with him, who breathed the same air with him, the treathed the same heat through all the irkink routine of day after day labor, testified to "The breadth and depth of his well-stored mind." In his case familiarity bred not contempt but esteem.

familiarity bred not contempt but esteem.

"His unshakable integrity" is the next unmistakable phrase. They had witnessed no moral compromises, no coquetting with the truth, no slightest surrender of principle.

They praised "his splendid polse." Fortunate department of chemistry to have looked always upon that rare bird in the character aviary. The eulogist wisely saves his strongest phrase for his last, "Never falling geniality under all conditions." If all employees and all business associates held a convention in which they were compelled to tell the truth, of whom else could they truthfully say that?

Wherefore it is true that Dr. Wiley is not only the most fortunate man, but one most unusual.

if you feel that the future is dead and blank without any ray of hope. You are not to despair.

Keep on-cling on-work and struggle and fight on. You must

# a lethal chamber, or use insecti-cide, or cough on rats on this dr-stroper of your peace and comfort, yet, compared with the Objector,

The Household Pest

BY DOROTHY DIX. MONG household pests which

A there should be some pain-

less but effective way of exterminating is the Objector. Unfortu-

nately, as the law now stands, it dors not permit you to consign to

the howling of stray cats is grand opera and spectraches and nice welcome visitors in your home.

There are few families so fortunate as not to have an Objector in their midst, and the great social problem is not how to stop divorce, but how to get rid of this ever present affliction, for we are bound to it, as a general thing, by ties that we lack the hardihood to break.

break.

The Objector is the damper on enthusiasm, the throttle on energy, the extinguisher on ambition, the wet blanket on pleasure, the thing that takes all the saap and ginger out of us, and makes us sit down in weariness and despair and say, "Oh, what's the use?" It is the Objectors who are at the bottom of most of the failures in the world, because by the time a talented and gifted man and woman have fought down the Objectors on their hearth. gifted man and woman have fought down the Objectors on their hearthstones, they are so battered and worn that they haven't enough strength left to do anything clse. We are always marveling at some vouth or maiden who stopped short at the beginning of a promising career. If we could know the truth we would generally find that he or she had an Objector in the family who never rested until he or she had thrown so much cold water on whatever the youth or maiden was trying to do that the poor, discouraged, disheartened victim gave up in despair.

For Objectors are always a de-

For Objectors are always a destructive force. They are never constructive. They throw a million obstacles in the way of the thing you are trying to do, but they never suggest anything better to do.

It is a truism that hope is, of itself, an inspiration, and that the limit of our achievement is our belief in our own ability. Nobody ever did anything worth while that he or she went at faint-heartedly and doubtfully. To doubt our ability to do a thing is to pre-cipitate failure. The objectors know this, and yet they cannot forego the pleasure of their raven

forego the pleasure of their raven croakings.

The queer thing about the Objector is that he or she never has any real principle behind his or her objections, and if you happened to do the other way he or she would have been just as much opposed to that line of conduct. Probably Objectors don't even know why they object themselves. They are only animated by some They are only animated by some obscure and malevolent impulse that makes them enjoy taking the edge off your enjoyment or duli-ing your enthusiasm.

To my mind the sublime heroism

To my mind the sublime heroism of which human nature is capable is never more marvelously illustrated than in the fortitude with which we endure the Objector, for few indeed are they who escape having to put up with one.

Sometimes the Objector is a husband and father who visualizes to his family an eternal "No."

Does the wife cook a good dinner! Husband finds fault with the seasoning, and wants to know why

seasoning, and wants to know why she had beef instead of mutton, and a pic instead of cake? Does the wife want a new dress? Husband berates her for her extravagance. Has the wife accepted an invita-tion for them for the evening! Husband quarrels about going out. Does wife want to stay at home! Husband insists on going to the theater. Does wife want to go and see one play? Nothing will please husband but going to see some-thing else. Does wife want to go on a little visit or a trip some-where? Husband brings forward ten thousand arguments against her leaving home and prophesies that she will be killed in a rail-road socident, or the ship she goes on will sink.

No matter what the wife wants to do, the husband disapproves of it and objects to it until it takes all of the savor out of every pleas-

And it's the same way with the And it's the same way with the children. If Tom wants to go to work, father insists on his going to college. If Tom wants to study medicine, father objects to his bemedicine, father objects to his be-ing anything but a grocer. If Mary wants to zo to a party, fa-ther thinks she is too gay, and if she stays at home he bemoans that she doesn't care for society, and when she goes to get married he objects to every single thing about the man from the way he parts his hair to the way he makes a living.

hair to the way he makes a living.
Just as often—perhaps oftener—
the Objector is a wife and mother.
She objects to the kind of a necktie her husband wears and the way he ties it. She objects to his read ing the paper at breakisst and his eating hot rolls instead of breakfast food. She objects to his stenographer, and his clerks and his friends. She objects to his having a glass of beer and every single

a glass of beer and every single thing he does.

And she frets at her children all day about everything they do, and leave undone. If Mary puts on a pink dress, mother objects. If Mary combs her halr a certain way, another objection from mother. If Mary goes walking with one of the girls, mother raises objection. If she doesn't go walking, mother objects to her not taking enough exercise. If one of the hoys comes to see her, mether objects to her having besux. If the hoys don't come, mother nags her boys don't come, mother nags her because she doesn't have any at-tention. And so it goes on until noor Mary qualifies as a first-class

martyr.

Of course, the Objectors don't realize what balleful creatures they are, nor how they torture us, nor what helpless victims we are in their hands, since we may neither strangle them on their own objections, nor fly from them as much as we would like to. If they did, perhaps they'd be more merciful. At any rate, let us each examine ourselves and see that we are not making life miserable for somebody else by being an Objector.

win if you do; there is nothing en earth that can stop you, and nothing in heaven that will.

Fight on, never despairing! The moment you give up hope, at that moment you have cried to the enemy, "I am defeated—come and kill me!"

And he kills you with your own